

# ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

**WIAT INSTITUTE,**

ON THE SEVENTH OF JANUARY, 1839,

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY,

**BY R. H. FORRESTER.**

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE INSTITUTE.

PITTSBURGH:

PRINTED BY ALEXANDER JAYNES, THIRD STREET.

1839.



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*Peabody Institute*

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EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE INSTITUTE.

"*Resolved*, That the 'Committee on the Anniversary' procure, for publication, a copy of the Address delivered by R. H. FORRESTER, before the Wirt Institute, on the first regular meeting, in January; and also communicate the high sense of gratification with which it was received by his Fellow Members."

Exchange  
Peabody Inst., Balto.  
Jan. -28

## ADDRESS.

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GENTLEMEN,

WE have assembled to celebrate the first anniversary of our Association—to mark with respect the era of its existence—and to mingle our congratulations upon the success which has attended its career.

The division of time into years is the sublime measurement of nature. It is thus she computes her own duration, marking it on the splendid dial of the zodiac, and noting man's silent progress to eternity. Thus instructed, individuals, societies, and communities, from the earliest period of history, have reckoned the duration of their existence in years.

The expiration of one year and the commencement of another is a period of peculiar interest, indicating, as it does, that we have turned a new leaf in the great book of time, and that the unsullied page of another is ready to receive the record, whether of good or evil, that we may write upon it. It is a point at which we may pause for a moment to review the events of the past, and to contemplate the future, spread out in dim perspective before us.

Recent as is the origin of our Institute, and although we may not yet advert to any time-hallowed recollections—the struggles and triumphs of former years—it

is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that we review its brief history, and contemplate its success. Short as has been the experiment of its operation, its prosperity has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

The individuals who laid the foundation of the Wirt Institute were incited to the enterprize by a conviction of the importance of sound knowledge and intellectual cultivation to fit them for the duties devolving upon them as young men and citizens of the republic. Engaged in mercantile and other pursuits, which necessarily engrossed a large portion of their time and attention, they felt the need of an institution to which they might retire from the bustle and cares of ordinary life, to increase their stores of knowledge, and discipline their minds by a free interchange of thought, and the keen encounters of intellectual conflict. We come up to this Hall at stated periods, not for any trivial object, but to investigate and discuss subjects of high and practical importance, relating to morals, to the policy and history of our government, and to general history—the collected experience of past generations. *Intellectual improvement* is emphatically the design, the express object of our Institute: an object, I am confident, worthy of the young men of Pittsburgh, and worthy of the great and growing city of which we have the honor to be citizens.

As an indication of the progress of our Institute, and of the promise which it gives of future stability and usefulness, I cannot but notice with feelings of high satisfaction that the foundation is already laid of an extensive library, which in a few years may afford to the



young men of our city facilities for obtaining information which they have not heretofore enjoyed—opening wide the temple of knowledge to those who would enter in and explore her mysteries.

We have arrived at that period in life when we may no longer indulge the caprice and fickleness of boyhood; when we may not rashly embark in an enterprise, and as heedlessly abandon it. We have entered the arena of real life—we have engaged in its stern conflicts—and if we would achieve its rewards, wisdom must characterize our undertakings, and firmness their execution. It is then no vain expectation to anticipate for our Institution a long and honorable existence.

That we may improve this interesting occasion with suitable reflections, no subject strikes me as more appropriate than the importance and superiority of *intellectual power*.

Inferior in physical strength to other animals, man owes his ascendancy over animate and inanimate nature to the mind with which he is endowed. This lofty gift of intellect enthroned upon his brow, the light of intelligence flashing from his eye, and the erect dignity of his demeanor, proclaim him the regal head of this lower creation. The inferior animals instinctively acknowledge his authority, and bend to his will: even the lion of the desert, fierce and terrible as he is, quails beneath the eye of man, and crouches at his feet. Over inanimate matter his dominion is still more extensive. Its diversified materials, in obedience to his reason and skill, yield whatever can minister to his wants or gratify his tastes: its powers are subservient to his purposes; and before the scrutiny of his investiga-

tion nature unveils her deepest mysteries. Uncultivated, it is true, his dominion is limited. The untutored savage roams through his native forests, unconscious of the treasures beneath his feet and around his path. A sharp stone is the only instrument he employs to build his wigwam and scoop out his canoe, and the trophies of the chase yield his precarious subsistence. Nature remains undisturbed by the busy hand of industry—the ancient oak is permitted to spread out its paternal branches from age to age, untouched by the woodman's axe—the earth is strewn with the forest leaves—and the unbroken stillness of primeval solitude reigns over the scene. But mark! when civilized, when educated man approaches—the forest disappears,

“Smiling harvests whiten o'er the plains,”

cities start up in the desert as if by enchantment—the busy hum of commerce is heard—steamboats navigate the rivers, and the locomotive is seen flying along with greater rapidity than the forest deer. *Intellect* has been here: the mighty energies of mind have operated upon the scene, and “The wilderness and the solitary place are made glad; and the desert to rejoice and blossom like the rose.”

In the nature of things matter is subordinate and subservient to mind. It is but the offspring of mind, of the supreme and eternal mind, by whom it was spoken into existence, and endowed with the various laws and relations by which it is governed, and all its phenomena are produced. The human intellect being constituted in the image of the divine, is capable of perceiving and understanding these laws and relations,



and through their instrumentality is enabled to exercise its delegated authority over this sublunary realm. The subjection of matter to the laws of the supreme intelligence is striking as it is admirable. Through their agency we can cause it to assume whatever form, or enter into whatever combination may suit our taste or convenience; but by acting in opposition to them, no beneficial result can be made to follow. It were in vain that the machinist or the chemist pursued such a course: modern science has long since demonstrated its futility. And is it not apparent that in *morals*, as in nature, good can only flow from conformity to the laws of the moral governor of the universe.

The whole constitution of nature seems designed to invite and stimulate man to exercise his intellectual and moral faculties—to evoke into life and activity the “god-like spirit within,” while the universe is spread out around him rich with the materials of enjoyment—replete with the treasures of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms—the wealth, the beauties, and glories of earth, air, and sky—he cannot satisfy the simplest want without an effort of his reason. Thus, the strong influence of necessity urges him at once to the exertion of his nobler powers, and, with the profuse liberality of a generous mistress, nature rewards the industry of her student, at each step crowning his labors with some new discovery, some valuable acquisition—leading him on by constant encouragement—exciting his ardor in the pursuit of truth by frequent success—and thus developing his faculties, and expanding those sublime capacities, by which he is enabled to receive the grand ideas of moral truth, and

the lofty conception of the great author and source of all truth.

In no department of intellectual exertion has the mind displayed a wider grasp, a higher reach, or more commanding dignity, than in the pursuit of science. The mind of Newton, with a more daring flight than the eagle's, when it soars above the clouds, its steady gaze fixed upon the noon-day sun, ascended up to the contemplation of the solar system, and discovered the laws by which it is governed—the mysterious powers by which the planets are held in their unvarying and eternal orbits. Astronomy has measured the heavens, has computed the magnitudes and distances of the heavenly bodies, and even followed the fiery comet in its erratic flight, and predicted the period of its return. The genius of Franklin penetrated the mystery of the thunder cloud, and seizing the forked lightning as it flashed, drew it harmless to the earth. Passing over a host of other names, such as Bacon, and Laplace, and Davy, who have immortalized themselves by their discoveries and achievements in science, I will only mention Fulton, another of the bright galaxy of scientific men whom our country proudly boasts as her own—the individual to whom we owe the application of steam to the purposes of navigation; an improvement which introduced a new era in the history of internal navigation, and now promises to give the mariner a mastery over the sea that he never anticipated in his wildest dream. Already the gallant steam ship ploughs the Atlantic wave, riding proudly onward, in defiance of wind and storm, and startling Neptune in his old dominions with unwonted sounds.

When we turn to the page of ancient history we are struck with the superiority of Greece and Rome over all other nations. While other empires present nothing but the dark picture of millions bowed beneath the yoke of tyranny—the gloom of profound ignorance which rests upon them, uncheered by a single ray of intellect—the calm of despotism, unbroken by a single struggle for liberty—in those favored nations we behold learning and the arts flourishing, and freedom unfurling her banner to the breeze! In them the energies of mind were aroused from the apathy that enshrouded the rest of the world—talent was developed—the genius of Greece and Rome was enkindled, and their statesmen, their philosophers, their poets, their historians, their sculptors and architects, erected monuments to their own and their country's glory which have perpetuated their fame to the latest generations. The splendid ruins of the Acropolis and the Colliseum still excite the admiration of the artist. The music of Homer's lyre—the thunders of Demosthenes—and the echoes of Tully's eloquence, still charm the ear of mankind. But to the eye of the freeman, the civil liberty and free institutions which distinguished those nations crown them with a glory even above that of literary renown. Their example confirms the idea, that intelligence is the only basis of civil freedom—that knowledge and intellectual cultivation go hand in hand with free institutions. Plants, if placed in the dark, will not grow: they require the light and heat of the sun; and liberty is a plant that will not thrive without the light and vivifying influence

of knowledge and intellect. Encompassed with the darkness of ignorance, it droops and dies.

The page of modern history is equally instructive as to the superiority which a nation attains from intellectual power. Great Britain, the country of our ancestors, is a signal instance. Isolated from the continent of Europe, with an extent of territory not equal to one half of that of our own country, she holds the first rank amongst the nations of the earth, swaying her sceptre over a population of one hundred and fifty millions—her victorious navy gaining for her the proud title of “mistress of the sea”—her commerce encircling the globe, and enriching her with the treasures of every clime—while her literature, her science and arts, and, above all, her civil and religious liberties, render her the admiration of the world. If it be enquired to what she owes this superiority, history replies—to her national mind, quickened into activity by the ethereal fire of liberty, whose electric spark, first caught from the *Protestant Reformers of Germany*, and fostered by the genial influence of the *Bible*, has continued to burn with undiminished lustre. It is to the minds of her Hampdens, her Miltons, her Bacons, her Lockes, and Newtons, that she owes her commercial and political greatness, as well as her intellectual renown.

Our own happy country presents the widest field, and the highest inducements for intellectual exertion, that were ever enjoyed by any nation. Upon this republican soil there is no privileged class—no hereditary nobility to monopolize the honors of the state. No



titled dunce can here usurp the rightful rewards of genius and merit. The highest offices and honors of the nation being open to the attainment of any citizen who may aspire to them, genius and talent are invited to put forth their energies, and enter the lists of competition for political distinction. Cincinnatus like, the farmer may leave his plough to take hold of the helm of state, and the mechanic his bench to legislate for his country.

But not only as regards political preferment does our country present this unbounded field for mental enterprise: in every other department of life there is the same unfettered scope. The various avocations and professions of society are open to every aspirant after wealth and honor, regardless of rank or condition; talent being the only passport, and success the only road to distinction. The magnificent territory of our Union, with its vast and, comparatively, undeveloped resources, affords ample room for the exertion of the abilities of all her citizens. The annals of history record no instance of a state of society so favorable to the universal development of the human mind. It is reasonable therefore to anticipate that our country, at some future period in its onward progress of improvement, will present an exhibition not of individual but of general intellectual superiority, such as the world has never seen. May the benign influence of virtue and religion be the ascendant power over this realm of mind!

Let us not, however, in surveying the advantages which belong to us as American citizens, fix our attention only upon the opportunities afforded us of



individual, of merely selfish aggrandizement. That were an object unworthy of our exclusive regard. The American citizen is invested with a far higher privilege, and should be influenced by a nobler aim. He is a member of a nation, scarce passed from infancy, which has attempted the grand experiment of **SELF-GOVERNMENT**; which has undertaken to demonstrate that man is capable of governing himself, and of enjoying civil and religious liberty, unchecked by any despotic control whatsoever. The result of that experiment is yet to be seen. The character of the people, upon which its success must finally depend, is now being formed; and upon every citizen of the Republic rests the high and solemn duty of contributing to the formation of that character a virtuous influence. In the position which he occupies, and according to the measure of his power, it is his distinguished privilege to aid, by the dissemination of correct principles, and a virtuous example, in carrying forward this great experiment of freedom to a successful and triumphant issue.

The very nature of our government demands intelligence in its citizens, and that the national mind should be educated. Most other governments have been founded in violence and blood—have been imposed upon the people, originally, without (or contrary to) their consent; and, in some measure, are sustained by arbitrary and physical force. But the government of the United States, having been founded on human reason, and the will of the governed, and being sustained by the same influence, is emphatically a government of mind. The sovereignty being vested in

the people, and their rulers chosen by them at short intervals, government is absolutely under their control: its policy and measures must take their shape from the popular will. If the people be intelligent and virtuous, the government will be wise and equitable. But if the people be ignorant and vicious, the government will be ten-fold more unwise and corrupt. If ignorance be permitted to seize the helm, the gallant bark of our Republic must inevitably strike upon those breakers on which other empires and republics have been wrecked. An ignorant, and consequently corrupt, population is most dangerous to the State. It is like an immense mass of nitrous powder—a single spark may ignite it, and the explosion shake the fabric of our free institutions to its very centre. The demagogue and the traitor, throwing his firebrand into the midst of such a population, may kindle it into a flame at once, and conjuring up the demons of anarchy and rapine to do their work, elevate himself upon the ruins of freedom and of social order. If, then, we would not see the pillars of this splendid edifice of liberty broken and scattered in the dust—but if we would see it stand unshaken and resplendent, like the temple of Jerusalem to the Israelites of old, the sacred asylum to which the oppressed in all lands may turn their eyes for encouragement and hope—let education be extended to every rank of society—let its genial influence spread over the wide domain of the Republic—let it ascend every mountain—let it penetrate every valley, and be diffused over every plain, until the light of intelligence and virtue shall be kindled at every fireside, and in every hamlet of the land.

But to ensure the beneficial results of education, it must not be divorced from sound morality and true religion. There is a spurious system of philosophy that presumptuously attempts to explain the causes of things by first striking from existence the Great First Cause of all things. There is a false theory of education, that regards man as a mere intellectual animal, sustaining no relation to a higher power, or future state of existence—born but to “strut his brief hour upon the stage,” and then to perish forever. That system and that theory is *Infidelity*—the bane of society—the moral upas, beneath whose blighting influence all that is virtuous in principle, and excellent in character, withers and decays. To learn its bitter fruits, it is only necessary to revert to the scenes of revolutionary France—to that bloodiest page in the history of nations, styled the “Reign of Terror;” when infidelity unfurled her dark banner in triumph over the land; when reason was proclaimed the national deity, and the inscription was written over the sepulchres of Paris, “Death is an everlasting sleep;” when atheism, like a fiend instinct with fury and destruction, stalked abroad, severing every tie of affection, and every bond that held society together—trampling in the dust all that was sacred in humanity and religion, and drenching the soil of unhappy France with the blood of myriads of her children. This is the first example which history records of the general triumph of infidelity in any nation—and it stands a warning to all succeeding ages. Infidelity has ever been wont to make its insidious approach in the specious guise of reason and philosophy, and with all the fascinations that literature



and science could throw around it. But whatever pretensions it may assume, however it may disguise its deformity, as young men, and as patriots—as friends of humanity and of our country, let us resist it as the deadliest foe to both.

Man is a physical, an intellectual, and a moral being, and his perfection in the present life depends upon a just and harmonious culture and development of his entire nature; but the error has long prevailed of cultivating and dignifying one part of his constitution to the almost entire neglect of the rest. Thus during the period preceding the revival of learning in Europe, commonly styled the age of chivalry and romance, physical superiority was regarded as conferring the highest dignity; symmetry and strength of frame were esteemed as the most valuable endowments; and the gallant knight, clad in a coat of armour, and bearing a sword whose enormous weight is sufficient to crush the strength of one of his puny descendants, won for himself the laurels of honor in the gay tournament, or upon the “embattled field.” The age of chivalry, with its lofty courtesy and heroic deeds of daring prowess, has long since passed away, and intellectual has gained the ascendancy over physical force. But this latter period has been characterized by a similar error to that of the first, intellect being dignified with the highest importance, and every effort bent to cultivate and improve it, while the moral nature of man has been suffered to remain a waste—the fruitful soil of noxious weeds—and scarce an effort made to subdue its rank luxuriance, or to rear in its stead the beautiful and fragrant flowers of virtue. Of the truth of

this observation the frequent and melancholy picture of the brightest intellectual splendor combined with the darkest moral debasement affords ample proof. Lord Byron, the greatest of recent poets, is a striking instance. Although

“He through learning and through fancy took  
His flight sublime; and on the loftiest top  
Of Fame’s dread mountain sat,”

he was enslaved to the most pernicious vices, and sunk in the most debasing sensuality. But let it be remembered that man is a moral as well as an intellectual being; that he is related to the spiritual world above him as well as to the material beneath him—to the future as well as the present. And while the intellect is expanded and adorned, let not the education of the heart be neglected.

It is a common opinion that any attention to literature or mental cultivation is incompatible with mercantile pursuits: that books and study belong exclusively to the professional man, while the merchant is to be confined, in *his* researches, to the pages of his ledger, or of the morning newspaper. It is true, that in order to success in any pursuit, a man’s attention and energies must be concentrated upon it. But I would ask how can the merchant employ his leisure hours, which the intervals of active duty bring even to the most assiduous, more usefully or pleasantly than in the cultivation of literature, and the acquisition of knowledge? Will the mental discipline, the extensive information, and enlarged views, resulting from these refined and elevated studies, make him less skilful or energetic in the prosecution of business? Far be it from the *Ame-*



*rican merchant* that his influence and example should be found on the side of ignorance. He belongs to a class of men whose position and importance in society give them a wide and commanding influence; and in accordance with the exalted character and destinies of the American nation, feeling that greatness of soul which throbs in the breast of every true citizen, they should be foremost in the encouragement and promotion of those liberal and intellectual objects which contribute so essentially to the glory and stability of their country. Mercantile pursuits, useful and honorable as they are, have a tendency to engender selfish and illiberal feelings—to throw around the soul an earthly and debasing influence: it is well, therefore, that we should sometimes ascend to a higher and purer atmosphere, where the “sun of science” serenely shines, and the spirit may expand in native energy and freedom.

There is a pleasure connected with the acquisition of knowledge more satisfactory and permanent than all the gratifications of sense. This pleasure is experienced by the child when its infantile curiosity is first gratified, and its wonder excited by some new or curious object. And it thrills the soul of the philosopher, and lightens his pale countenance with a gleam of joy, when some new truth flashes upon his mind, as he toils in patient thought over the midnight lamp.

“Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth  
More welcome touch his understanding’s eye  
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,  
Than all of taste his tongue.”

The pleasures of knowledge are also unlimited and inexhaustible: their sources are as numerous and di-

versified as the field of truth is wide and unbounded. History unfolds her ample page, stored with the records of the mighty past, and replete with the lessons of sage experience. Science unlocks the vast arcana of nature, in which the student may expatiate at large, finding no limit to discovery, and ever charmed by some new display of the matchless skill and wisdom of its author. It opens to our view the internal structure of the earth—its hidden strata, which, like belts of adamant, encircle the globe, and reveals the buried remains of former creations. It leads us through the grand *laboratory* of nature, showing us its secret processes, and the varied properties and affinities of matter. It conducts us amidst the diversified orders of animals, vegetables, and minerals; and in its upward excursions

“Teaches us to stray

Far as the solar walk or milky way.”

So boundless indeed is the field of scientific research, that the great Sir Isaac Newton said of himself, notwithstanding his splendid discoveries, “I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me.”

On this floor, Gentlemen, we but carry forward the education which we had commenced in boyhood. To say when a young man is dismissed from the halls of instruction that he has *finished* his education is a grand mistake—it is only begun. He has only laid the foundation—the edifice is yet to be reared. He has only

acquired the elements of that knowledge, which is to be enlarged, digested, and matured by the studies of after years. He has only entered upon that course of mental training, a vigorous perseverance in which, alone, can develop the full measure of his powers. The human mind, as if prophetic of its destiny, is endowed with a capacity for endless improvement. As it journeys forward the horizon of truth continually recedes, and new prospects burst upon the view. Whatever point of elevation it attains, there is yet a higher sphere above it, and yet a higher; and who can tell but that it is destined to rise forever in its approximation to the centre and summit of all perfection!

Let us not, however, imagine for a moment that any thing is to be accomplished in the world of mind, any more than in that of matter, without exertion. Knowledge is not obtained miraculously, nor by intuition, but by the slow and gradual process of patient research. The river does not swell at once into a flood. At its source perhaps it is only a small rivulet, winding its serpentine course through the valley, but as it flows on, increased by the waters of a thousand tributaries, it widens, and deepens, and swells into a mighty stream, bearing on its ample tide the freighted commerce of nations. Neither do the faculties of the mind spring into maturity at once. Between their development and those of the physical frame there is a striking analogy. Its organs and faculties attain their just proportions, and are hardened into firmness and vigour by constant exercise. In like manner the mental faculties are expanded and strengthened by exertion. The effect of judicious and untiring exercise is truly astonishing.

It may be observed by comparing the weak and fragile form of a child with the muscular and colossal frame of a Hercules. But its effect upon the mental faculties is equally surprizing; nor is the contrast less striking between the untutored mind of a savage and the disciplined and gigantic intellect of a Newton. It is too frequently the case, that while young men are ambitious of intellectual superiority—while they admire the achievements of great minds, and pant to rival them—they are wrapt in the paralyzing delusion that talent springs up spontaneously, and waiting to become geniuses, they fall even below mediocrity; whereas if they would arouse from these idle dreams—shake off their sloth, and address themselves vigorously to the achievement of the excellence after which they aspire, success must crown the effort. Writing to a young man on the subject of mental improvement, William Wirt used this emphatic language: “Of this be assured—I speak, from observation, a certain truth—**THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT GREAT LABOR.** It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve.”

But, Gentlemen, while we aim at our own individual improvement—the culture and elevation of our spiritual nature—let us not forget that we owe certain duties to society, which it is our solemn obligation and highest honor to fulfil. To seek the welfare of the entire human race is the noblest impulse of humanity, and the universal duty of man; but to seek our country’s good is the special and imperative duty of the citizen. The sphere of benevolence should widen, like the spreading circle on the placid surface of a



stream disturbed by the dropping of a pebble—self the centre, from which it extends to our family, our neighbors, our country, and finally embracing the world in its enlarged circumference. There is a false and selfish ambition too prevalent at the present day—a craving after distinction and the honors and emoluments of office—unredeemed by a single aspiration for the public good. Such ambition, the voice of history warns us, is destructive of all patriotism and public virtue. It is as incompatible with the dignity and independence of a freeman as it is characteristic of a sycophant or a slave. There is as wide a difference between the mere office seeker and the patriot as there was between the magnanimity of a Cincinnatus, who twice resigned the absolute dictatorship of Rome, voluntarily retiring, after he had saved the state, to the peaceful pursuits of private life, and the treachery of a Cataline, who would sacrifice his country at the shrine of selfish ambition. A citizen should seek to qualify himself for the discharge of any duty that he may be called upon to render—to merit rather than to grasp at office—and if the wreath of political honor should descend upon his brow, he enjoys the consciousness that it is the voluntary tribute of public respect, and not the purchase of bribery or solicitation. The only ambition worthy of man is that of benefiting his country and his race—objects within the compass of every individual—which do not require him to mingle in the storms of political strife—which may be pursued in the retired walks of private life. Who is there that may not share in the grand achievements of benevolence—that may not contribute to the advancement of human happiness, by



lending his aid, his talents, his means, to some of those institutions or measures calculated to ameliorate the condition and elevate the character of society?

“Peace hath her victories, as well as war.”

And these moral achievements, these triumphs of philanthropy, possess more intrinsic glory than the proudest exploits of an Alexander or a Cæsar. The consciousness that we have not lived in vain—that we do not fade from the world without leaving some beneficial impression upon it—is better than to have our names sculptured in “monumental marble,” or proclaimed by the loud blast

“Of Fame’s obstrep’rous trump.”

The examples of the wise and good of all ages prompt us on in the career of self-improvement and disinterested benevolence: and not least inspiring amongst the mighty dead is the honored name which we have attached to our Institute. That respected individual, whose sun has but lately set, and whose memory will long be held in admiration by his countrymen, was an example to every young man. Left an orphan at an early age, without the opportunities of a regular education, by the force of his industry and talents he rose to the first rank as an orator and a jurist: and above all, his splendid abilities and profound acquirements were adorned with the pure morality and humble piety of a christian. May our Institute prove worthy of the name of WILLIAM WIRT; and when some future chronicler shall write the history of our city, may he have something more and higher to record respecting it than that it once existed, and passed away.







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